

THE CHURCHES

First Presbyterian.
Rev. George L. Curtis, Pastor. Sunday services: Morning worship 10:30 A.M.; Sabbath-school, 12, 10. Christian Endeavor, 7:00. Evening worship, 7:45 o'clock Prayer-meeting each Wednesday night.

Wesleyan Church.
Rev. George A. Paul, Pastor. Divine Worship at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young People's Prayer Meeting at 6:45 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

Park Methodist Episcopal.
Rev. Dr. Jesse L. Hurbut, pastor. Men's meeting: Migrant Brotherhood 1:30 P. M. Church Service at 6:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Vesper service Epworth League at 7 P. M. Tuesday evening classes meet at 8 P. M. Wednesday evening prayer Service at 8 P. M. Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock Junior Epworth League.

German Presbyterian.
Sunday services: Preaching by the pastor. Rev. Berni J. Buttinghausen, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 2:15 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Christian Association meets on Thursday evenings at 8 P. M.

First Baptist Church.
Rev. Fred W. Bush, pastor. Sabbath preaching services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Young Men's Prayer and Soul Winner's Club Sabbath at 6:45 P. M. Christian Endeavor meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M. General Prayer and Conference meeting Wednesday at 8 P. M. Junior Endeavor Friday at 3:30 P. M. Everybody welcome. All seats free.

Glen Ridge Congregational.
Corner of Ridgewood Avenue and Clark Street. Rev. Eliot Wilber Brown, D.D., pastor. Sunday morning worship at 10:45. Sunday school, 12 M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 2 P. M. Evening worship at 7:45; Church prayer-meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., subject, "Does Death End All?"

Watseking M. E. Church.
Rev. S. Trevena Jackson, Ph. D., Pastor. Devotional Meeting, 9:30 A. M.; Preaching, 10:30 A. M., subject, "Good Cheer." Sunday school at 2:30. F. M. Epworth League, at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M., subject, "Does Death End All?"

Church of the Sacred Heart.
The Rev. J. M. Nardellio, pastor. First Mass, 6:30 A. M. Mass and sermon, 8:30 A. M. High Mass and sermon, 10:30 A. M. Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Vesper service, 3:30 P. M.

East Orange Baptist Church.
Prospect Street. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School at 8:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting at 7:45 Friday evening.

Montgomery Chapel.
Wilson S. Phane, Superintendent. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Service of Song at 7:45 P. M. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. Young People's Meeting at 7:15 P. M.

During the week the gymnasium and reading-room will be open for men and boys on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 10 P. M., and on Saturday afternoon from 1:30 to 5:30 P. M.; for ladies and girls on Thursday evening from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Montgomery Chapel Cadets will drill on Friday evening.

Unitarian Church (Unitarian).
Unity Church (Unitarian) Church Street, Montclair. Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, pastor. Special summer service at 11 o'clock. Mr. Wiers will speak on "Great Expectations and their Realization."

Christ Episcopal.
Corner Bloomfield and Avenue. The Rev. Edwin A. White, rector.

SUNDAY SERVICES:
Celebration of Holy Communion, 8 A. M. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. Choral Evening Song, 4:30 P. M.

Chapel of the Ascension.
(EPICOPAL).
Montgomery and Berkley avenues. The Rev. H. P. Scratches, in charge. Sunday services: Holy Communion, except first Sunday in month, 8 A. M.; first Sunday in month, 10:30 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon, 10:30 A. M.; Sunday-school, 3 P. M.; evening prayer and sermon, 8 P. M.

Bloomfield Mission.
Glenwood Avenue, near Centre. Sunday-school at 3 P. M. Gospel services Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock.

Silver Lake Union Chapel.
Franklin street, corner Belmont avenue. Sabbath services: Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Preaching, 8 P. M. Week-day prayer meeting, Thursday evening, 8 P. M. Everybody welcome.

BROOKDALE REFORMED.
Rev. W. E. Bogardus, Pastor. Sunday services: Sabbath school at 9:40 A. M.; preaching services at 10:45 A. M.; Christian Endeavor at 7:15 P. M.; preaching services at 8:00 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

BROOKDALE BAPTIST.
Rev. J. H. Brittain, pastor. Sabbath preaching services at 3:15 P. M.; Sunday-school at 3:00 P. M.; prayer-meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M.

St. John's Lutheran Church.
Cornelius Liberty Street and Austin Place. Rev. H. A. Steininger, pastor. Services at 4:30 P. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M. Ladies' Aid Society first Sabbath of every month at 8 P. M. Junior Society last Thursday of every month at 7:45 P. M.

Week-End Outing Sales.

On Fridays and Saturdays—Commencing Friday, June 29, and on Fridays and Saturdays thereafter until Saturday, September 15, 1905, return trip tickets will be sold at New York, Jersey City, Newark, Paterson or Paterson ticket offices at fare of \$5.00 for the round trip to Narrowsburg and points west to Susquehanna Inclusive; points on the Wyoming division, Glen Eyre to Honesdale inclusive; also to Lake Ariel inclusive. These tickets will be good for return on the Sunday or Monday following date of sale.

"Good-bye Uncle Ed. Good-bye Ruth. Good-bye Millie." A hearty kiss, a squeeze of the hand and they were off. Uncle Ed waving his hat until the engine, puffing and snorting up the steep Pocono grade, pulled the train around the bend of Tapper Mountain, crossing Farmington Creek with a roar. Ruth had just time to catch a glimpse of the silent water foaming far below, as the train dashed into the long Pennington tunnel.

Ruth nestled closer to her aunt and listened to the wheels as they spun over the rails—clickety click, clickety click, clickety click, they beat time it seemed to Ruth.

"Will it be very late when we reach New York, Aunt Millie?"

"No, dear, we are due at seven o'clock; it will be quite dark then, so we shall go direct to the hotel where we are to stay until Dr. Wiley has examined your eyes." Pretty brown eyes, thought Aunt Millie, as they looked up into her face trustingly with no sign of the pain that had necessitated their journey to the city.

"See what Uncle Ed gave me as he lifted me on the train, Aunt Millie; he said he took you to a concert."

"Why, Ruth, it's a five dollar gold piece. Wasn't it kind of uncle? Be careful not to lose it."

"Oh, no, I won't lose it, auntie. I shall keep it in my purse all the time."

The hours passed rapidly; Ruth watched the sun approaching the long line of distant hills and tried to picture to herself the great city that she was to visit for the first time.

"Are there no brooks, or trees, or spring flowers in the city, Aunt Millie? Oh, I'm so glad that we shall have to stay only a few days, but the little girl's face glowed with interest as her aunt told her of the beautiful parks, fine churches and hospitals that had people had provided."

"And will you take me to see these places when my eyes are all well?"

"Yes, Ruth, but there is very much to make you sad in the hospitals."

When the first twinkle of the evening star shone clear and bright in the west, now glowing with the tranquil light of even, the train entered the station, the great engine, all out of breath with the long run, panting and throbbing as if exhausted. Millie glanced up at the huge monster and began to feel a little homesick, for among the strange surroundings the train was the only familiar one. The kind hearted engineer, leaning down from his cab, smiled at the questioning eyes of the little girl and watched her, as tightly grasping her aunt's hand she trotted away.

They were both so tired after their long journey that they went straight to bed after supper. Aunt Millie was soon fast asleep, but Ruth, unaccustomed to the noise of the passing cars and excited by the events of the day, and suffering with the pain in her eyes, could not sleep. For a long time she lay thinking of the journey on the train, the great station, the burly crowds, then suddenly the thought came to her to look out on the street and see the cars passing before the door. The pain in her eyes made her restless, and she felt she could not keep still a minute longer.

She slipped silently out of bed and stole to the window, as she pushed aside the heavy draperies a flood of moonlight burst into the room; closing the curtains behind her quickly she stepped to the window. Except for a few belated passengers the street was dead. Ruth watched the moon shining on the tops of the houses, and then looking across the street she noticed a line of men standing. Curious to know what they were doing, she stepped to the window and looked more closely. One by one men would enter a store at the corner of the street and come out in a minute or two carrying small parcels, and hurry away. What could they be doing? One of the men, as he came from the store, hastily tore the paper of his bundle and Ruth saw him in the moonlight, break in half a loaf of bread and greedily eat it. Then she knew the meaning of that long black line. It was the "bread line" outside a large bakery, where a kind hearted baker distributed every day his loaves to those who applied. She had heard her uncle read about it only the week before in the "Congregationalist."

Ruth watched with increasing interest, as far down the line she saw a little girl of about her own age, standing among the men waiting her turn; for a few minutes more she watched, and then hurriedly left the window and began to sit quietly into her clothes. She hardly realized what she was about until she found herself noiselessly turning the key of the bedroom door, and then she knew. Down the long stairway in the soft carpet she ran, unseen, unheard. Reaching the corridor of the hotel, she slipped up the stairs in silence, across the rotundas, hating her hair all about her face. A few steps and she was across the street.

"Here, little girl, quick, this is for you. Uncle Ed said to take Aunt Millie to a concert, but I know she won't mind."

Snatching the coin from Ruth's hand, without a word of thanks, the little girl clutching her treasure darted down the side street and disappeared in the dark.

"Say, little un," said a gruff voice, beside her, "you're all right, that's Jim Walton's kid—I give her my place on the line. I'm dead broke or she wouldn't have been standing there—got sick father home, can't expect to live. Well, if that isn't a funny one," for Ruth, trembling, she knew not why, had burst into tears and had run across to the hotel.

Meantime, down the long silent street, cold in the moonlight, in the black shadows, breathless and panting, trembling with joy the little girl ran, until reaching a towering tenement she entered the dark depths. Pushing open the door she entered the room. The light of a lamp whose flickering flame was struggling to retain its hold on the wick as if in sympathy with the wasted form lying on the couch, showed a woman kneeling by the side of the sick child.

"See, mother, look, it's true; they do give away bread there, for there were a lot of men standing waiting and a man gave the big place, and just as it was getting near my turn a little girl, she had such a kind face mother, ran across the street and give me this, look," and she held up the shining gold piece.

"God bless her, Mary, she was an angel."

Ruth, shaking with emotion, had returned to her room and crept into bed, her heart throbbed so loud that she feared her old beating would awaken her aunt, but at last, exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, the bright sunlight was streaming into the room, her aunt was dressed and watching beside her.

"Come, child, it's time you were up. Why what ails you, Ruth? You look as if you'd been crying; tell Aunt Millie—you're homesick, or do you eyes pain you?"

"Oh, no, aunt, it's not that, but you won't mind, we can't go to the concert. I—I—oh, I just couldn't help it. Aunt Millie, give me some dollars to a little boy, the bread line."

"Why, what's the child talking about? The bread line? And then Ruth half laughing, half crying, told her aunt of her night's adventure.

"It's a mercy you weren't run over or lost, but there, never mind about the concert. I reckon your Aunt Millie won't worry much about a concert when she can listen to the music of such love in a child's heart." Of course Aunt Millie didn't say this out loud, she only leaned over, kissing her niece affectionately, and stroking her head in blessing and said she was proud of her little girl.

GATTONSIDE.

Manhattan Beach.

Manhattan Beach is nature's great sanitarium, within convenient reach, where the dweller among blistering bricks and stones of the torrid town may relax the nervous strain and enjoy a grateful sweep of health-giving ocean breezes. No matter how hot the night, takes a light wrap or overcoat to Manhattan Beach for late hours. It is just that much cooler there than in the heat-stricken city. The cosmopolitan crowds throng the broad hotel verandas, but the decorum of polite society is never disturbed. There is a great variety of amusements and of excellent quality. E. E. Rice is making energetic preparations to revive on July 23d the immensely popular musical comedy "The Girl from Paris," with as many as possible of the original cast. The costumes and scenic effects are being prepared as elaborately as if for a Broadway run.

PROCTER'S NEW YORK THEATRE.

The list of all star offerings named for the week of July 16 at Procter's beautiful Newark Theatre, which has been well termed "cooler than a roof garden," is only another evidence of Mr. Procter's determination to give his patrons a truly high-class programme of American and European novelties for this bill contains an unbroken list of head-line attractions which will be headed by Carlton Macay and Maud Edna Hall.

It is doubtful if there have ever been two greater favorites with Newark audiences than Mr. Macay and Miss Edna Hall, both having earned a warm place in the hearts of Newark's theatre-going public, when they did such excellent work there with two different stock companies.

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